

A VINDICATION

Of the LOYAL

London-Apprentices:

Against the false and scandalous Aspersions of *Richard Janeway*, in his *Lying Mercury* publish'd June 14. ●

*Room, Room for a Man of the Town,
That takes delight in Thriving;
That daily bustles up and down,
And nightly lies Contriving.*

*For Printing and Inventing Lies,
There's none that can come nigh him;
And Loyal Youths doth scandalize,
Who now in Print defie him.*

IT is but just (by way of Retaliation) to fling that Dirt in his face, with which he endeavours to bespatter those truly Loyal Apprentices, who deserve not that Character which he so unworthily bestows upon them, and indeed is most proper and fitting for his own Scribbling Worship: Alas good man! he is afraid, lest in shewing their Loyalty, and acknowledgments of their Sovereign's Goodness to all his Subjects in general, (whereof the Youth of this City are a part, and perhaps, if occasion presented, a very serviceable part) might be an ill Example (in his sence) to the unthankful remaining part of his Majesties Subjects.

But now why our *False News-monger* should make that a Crime, which is so universally approved of by all the Loyal *Protestant Church of England*, I know not: But I am apt to hold the same opinion of a great number of Judicious men, that it was a chief Fundamental of the late 41. Rebels, and is now the same of the present 81. (Vouchers of the same *Good Old Cause*) to represent to the Publick by their foul-mouth'd Trumpeters *Janeway*, *Care* and *Curtiss*, and that in so horrid a shape, a thing so implicate in its real intention, that no Snake hid in the Grass, nay nothing of ill can lye couch'd, (like your *Fanatick Petitions*) under so plain a demonstration of our cordial Affections and Service to his most Gracious Majesty, whom we beseech God long to preserve in his Holy keeping.

Although the *Fanatick Party* have been so forward to forestall the World with the substance of our Address, before its presentation, which (by the way) is a little uncivil; yet I hope his most Sacred Majesty will (through his Princely goodness) vouchsafe us a kind reception of our Names, and therewith the Hearts and Hands, nay and in good time the Purse of many thousands of his well-wishing Youthful Subjects.

I do assure you, good Mr. *Impartial*, that we have great hopes to think his Majesty will not be offended, to see and know the difference and nature of the *London Youth*, as to what they were in 41. when with their Noise and intollerable Insolence, they forced his late Majesty of Blessed memory, from his Royal Palace of *Whitehall*, to seek another among a more peaceable and civilized part of his Subjects: whereas We, in detestation and abhorrence of such wicked Principles, such Rebellious Actions, and such Diabolical Examples, (a thing not at all pleasing to your *Unsanctified Palate*, which we plainly see by the *grumbling of your Gizzard*) do now offer up our Lives and Fortunes to the Service of so gracious a Prince, under the benign Influence of whose happy Government, you merit not to enjoy that Liberty, Peace and Tranquility which you now possess.

And now, good Mr. *Devils-Egg*, for surely thou art but the meer Spawn of that grand *Father of Lies*, Monsieur *Saucer-eyes*, who is continually dividing and disturbing the peace of the greater World, as thou (one of his *Emissaries*) dost in this our little one, by stuffing thy *Partial Mercury* with detestable Forgeries, and Inventions of thy own, weekly distracting and perturbing the minds of the People with strange, and New Plots, and Lies, the meer product of thy own fruitful Brain.

Hadst

Hadst thou been so civil to have let Us and our Address pass unregarded by thy *damnable and malicious Pen*, perhaps I had not troubled my self to give thee a touch of mine. Indeed I might have spar'd my self the labour of Characterizing thee, since thy own malice is conspicuous enough to every Impartial eye; thy weekly lying *Mercury* stult with thy own non-sense, folly, madness, does but too plainly demonstrate to the World thy *Machi-villian Principle*, and *be-Jesuited Opinion*; Sure thou hast commenced Doctor at *Eil-lingsgate* too, or else thou couldst never have been so expert at creating such vilifying and scandalous Notions which thou bestowest without Fear or Wit upon all those who do not cohere with thy schismatical sentiments. I wonder how thou couldst have the impudence to call a thing so modest, as our Address is, a *second Part of Captain Tom*, when thou thy self, and every ordinary capacity, cannot but perceive it a thing of a quite contrary hue. But now pray observe what scurrilous names he fastens upon the promoters of our Address, nothing less than *Chevaliers, Wise Acres, Pater-nos-torians*, and such like stuff, the meer froth of his own Invention; 't was well the name of the Streer where the Promoters inhabit, was so pat to the Purpose to bring in a Tory or Tantivy at the end of it, or else it had not been worth a farthing. But then he goes on and tells you some unthinking Lads were wheedled and drawn in to sign that mischievous Paper, (*Monstrum horrendum!*) without so much as a sight of it themselves, or having it read to them: this is a Swinger, and sounds but so like a Phanatical Invention, that none but their own credulous Gang will believe it, and needs but little Confutation; for none subscribed it, but what must of necessity see it, and read it, it being so plain upon the same Paper as the Nose on a mans face, And then a little further he begins to banter upon the Cooks and Chandlers of *New-Sarum*, as if none else had subscribed it in that Town beside them, and then adds he, 'tis no matter who hath the honour to Address, that have so Noble and Worthy persons as the Cooks and Chandlers of *Sarum* to lead the way, but this is so like *Janeway*, as if it was spued out of his mouth.

O but now he tickles you off with some State-maxims of 'is own, that perhaps we have done ill, by giving example to other young (*Phanatic*! Rascals) Lads on the contrary project of Petitioning; (and vexing his Majesty, say I) indeed we heard that the old Herd of Schismatics, having put some of their names to a Petition which was disliked, and rejected, do threaten to procure many hands of the young fry to a new Petition, far more numerous then ours was, to affront the King to the highest degree of indignity imaginable, but the event of this time must show. And to conclude, he tells you, that the most who subscrib'd this sham paper as he calls it, were meer Ruffians, and beggerly Vermine; O most notorious untruth, when it is very credible, that the more Gentle and better sort of young Trads-men, were the chief Subscribers and promoters of a thing, we shall never have cause to repent, as thou falsely imaginest by a Phanatick supposition of being made Slaves at the expiration of our Apprentiships, when we expect to be most free, I am almost assured that almost all the now Apprentices, (mangre all thy designs to the contrary,) will prove for the next age a better Generation, more obedient subjects to the King, and kinder Neighbours to our selves, then many of our Masters are at present; but what can any man expect from a Cat, but her skin? and what indeed can we expect from such a generation of Vipers, in whose veins runs the same blood, which from 41, to 1660 overspread the greatest part of this our Island?

Ingenuously did that great Wit speak, when mentioning the distractedness and inhumanity of the late Rebellion, that the King of *Spain* was *Rex Hominum*, the *French* King *Rex Asinorum*, but the King of *England* (to his sorrow) was *Rex Diabolorum*; for shame therefore cease your impudent Scribbling in perswading the people to Disloyalty, cease to use your wheedling tricks to cause the people to play the *second Part to the same Tune* of 41: Alas we are sensible, you only want a daring *Oliver* to head the Master, and be your General once more; but by the way take notice that the last of 2 Cheats acted in one age will not take effect; And last of all to conclude, cease to Write any more notorious falsehoods, especially, against the Templers or Apprentices, lest the first Pump you, and the last Thump you, or else break your Windows: so *Vale, Mr. Janeway*.

Written by J. M. a London-Apprentice.